THE PACIFIC

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THE ROAD.

Stand with me, near my side,
  High on the breast of the hill,
Here where the view is wide,
  Here where the air is still.
How can I understand
  This silence, these leagues of light,
Save as I hold your hand,
  You, who are half my sight?

Stand with me closer yet,
  Low in the mist of the vale,
Here where I might forget,
  Here where my hope might fail.
How can my heart rejoice,
  How can I wait and be strong,
Save as I hear your voice,
  You, who are all my song?

Lean on me all the way,
  Where the road winds long and white,
'Neath the sun of love by day,
  And the stars of peace by night,
High where the hillside sings,
  Low where the vale is trod,
Out to the verge of things,
  Up to the feet of God.

—Percy C. Ainsworth.

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. FERRIER ..... Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW.

It remains to be seen whether the eight-hour law for women in stores and offices and factories will show itself in its workings to be the humanitarian enactment which its friends claim it to be.

We are glad to see a disposition on the part of employers generally to observe the law in such a manner as not to throw women out of employment. But such is the economic pressure under which many lines of business are conducted—so little is the margin of profit, that in some instances the displacement of women by men is inevitable. What the extent of this, only time will show.

It is already evident that the law has not been found as satisfactory to working women as its framers and supporters supposed it would be.

One mother, a widow, working to put her son through college, has found it a severe hardship to her. As a telegraph operator, working ten hours a day and some on Sunday, with double pay for the extra time, she has been earning $120 a month. Under the new law her earnings are cut down nearly one-half, and cherished hopes as to her son may have to be abandoned.

It is said of course that no reform, no plan for human betterment, can be put through without hardship to some, and that the thing to be sought is the good, the welfare, of the majority. And that is a truth to be accepted and acted on.

It is this that is leading the people of California who are touched by this law to go ahead under it and to seek to arrange their work successfully in accordance with its requirements. But business will have to be done in California very much as it is done elsewhere, or the time will come when no business worth while will be done here. We should be glad to see the day when no one would have to work more than five or six hours—men as well as women. We believe such a time will come, but it is in the somewhat distant future.

The writer of this editorial, it may be remarked here, is in no way affected by this law, having no one in his employ who comes under its provisions.

It is to be hoped that it will work. But as to that only time can tell. No one having the welfare of humanity at heart should seek to prevent its successful working.

Undoubtedly it places women at a disadvantage in the economic world—making it more difficult for them to get on therein. It sets them apart as needing a protection which men do not need, and therefore places them where, under the stress and strain to carry on a business successfully, they will be the first to be put out—and this, no matter what their need or ability.

In view of such things as these the humanitarianism of the law must stand for a time in question.

SAN FRANCISCO'S SHAME.

San Francisco at present is in the grip of a mayor who, with the hope of bringing about his re-election, is about to make such concessions to the purveyors of vice and all things sensuous as will stamp the city with world-wide disgrace.

This program at this writing awaits only the removal of a chief-of-police, on whom he cannot count to carry out schemes so disreputable and damnable. This removal, already begun, and which will be accomplished unless there should come some unexpected turn in the legal aspect of the case, will open up the way for making San Francisco the most "wide-open" city on the continent.

We cannot believe that Mayor McCarthy has estimated the citizenship of San Francisco aright. Surely, when a few months later the election of a mayor shall be before the voters again, this man will be repudiated. Will the union labor people of such character as many of them are march up to the polls and indorse such an administration as Mr. McCarthy's merely for the small advantage to their cause by a mayor of especial friendliness to that cause? It is almost unthinkable.

As we go to press information comes that San Francisco is in great danger of losing most of the government troops at the Presidio because of the practical decision of the police commission to allow saloons to be opened again near the entrance. In such event Colonel Wisser will immediately ask the War Department to transfer the troops to another station.

The colonel says: "If these places were allowed to open at the gate to our post, it would prove a detriment to the discipline of the troops stationed here, and would serve to cause riots and other troubles near the presidio."

Oh, the shame of it! And, oh, the danger to the manhood and womanhood of California and the nation if Mayor McCarthy is allowed to carry out his ideas as to places of prostitution!

Now that the man has come out into the open, every decent man and woman should be against him without thought of other interests.

CONCERNING THE BOOK OF JONAH.

Among the contributed articles in The Pacific this week is one by Professor Granville F. Foster of Berkeley on "Jonah."

Some discussion arose over the book in Professor Foster's Bible class in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco; and his study of the subject having been embodied in writing The Pacific has been asked to publish it.

Inasmuch as there are those who stand opposed to the modern view of the book as allegorical the columns of The Pacific will be open to an article on the other side.

We have little to say on the subject at this time

except to state that in our judgment Christ's reference to the story does not warrant the conclusion that he regarded it as a story of real facts.

One of the best statements of the belief that Christ in its use, as recorded in the gospels, had no thought of confirming or not confirming the historic character of the story is found in the writings of Professor George Adam Smith:

"His purpose was purely one of exhortation, and we feel the grounds of that exhortation to be just as strong when we have proven the Book of Jonah to be a parable. Christ is using an illustration; it surely matters not whether that illustration be drawn from the realms of fact or of poetry. Again and again in their discourses to the people do men use illustrations and enforcements drawn from traditions of the past. Do we, even when the historical value of these traditions is very ambiguous, give a single thought to the question of their historical character? We never think of it. It is enough for us that the tradition is popularly accepted and familiar. And we can not deny to our Lord that which we claim for ourselves. Take a case. Suppose we tell slothful people that theirs will be the fate of the man who buried his talent, is this to commit us to the belief that the personages of Christ's parables actually existed? Or take the homiletic use of Shakespear's dramas—as 'Macbeth did,' or as 'Hamlet said.' Does it commit us to the historical reality of Macbeth or Hamlet? Any preacher among us would resent being bound by such an inference. And if we resent this for ourselves, how chary we should be about seeking to bind our Lord by it."

Several years ago an ingenious explanation was given by the Rev. Robert Tuck of London in a "Handbook of Biblical Difficulties."

Eminent Rabbinical writers were quoted as authority for the statement that the Chaldaic word "dagah," which has been rendered a "fish," was meant by the sacred writer to signify a covered boat or skiff; and the word "lebalang," which has been rendered "to swallow," literally means to remove from place to place. Then the reading would be: Now the Lord had prepared a great barge to remove Jonah, and Jonah was in the belly (hold) of the barge three days and three nights."

"It appears," says this writer, "that the ship in which Jonah embarked was bound to the port of Tarshish, on the coast of the Mediterranean sea, and the mariners having put Jonah in the boat, attempted to pull him ashore, but the sea being tempestuous, they could not. Finding it impossible to land him, they then returned to the ship, leaving Jonah in the boat at the mercy of the waves; in which perilous situation he was three days and three nights."

But we dismiss this Jonah question with the judgment of the writer just quoted, which we would be glad to have all the readers of The Pacific make their judgment:

"There are three ways in which the narrative of Jonah's preservation may be reasonably dealt with. (1) It may be accepted as an imaginative and poetical description of some remarkable and gracious Providential preservation. (2) Or it may be regarded as an historical account of the casting loose of Jonah in the ship's boat, which is obscured from view by the mistaken translation of the authorized version. (3) Or the miraculous character of the incident may be fully recognized; it may be seen that God used ordinary natural agencies so far as they would go towards effecting his purposes, and controlled them and supplemented them by direct miraculous agencies.

"Either of these views may be taken by reverent men, who jealously guard the truth of God's supreme, direct, almighty, ever-present control of the affairs of men, whose providences in every age are more or less miracles, involving combinations and arrangings that are unusual and Divine."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The addresses on "Immortality" which were given recently at Stanford University by the Rev. Dr. Jefferson, of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, will be published soon by Houghton & Mifflin, of Boston.

In London there are eight hundred thousand young men between the ages of fifteen years and twenty-five. The Y. M. C. A. in its new headquarters in Tottenham Court ward will provide for a membership of 20,000. It is estimated that at least 5,000 persons can be distributed throughout the new building without there being any crowding.

There was a determination at Everett, Washington, to enforce the law prohibiting saloons. One of the judges is making the sentences increasingly severe with every violation on which he has to pass. He started out leniently but with the statement that violations of the law must cease and that punishment would be made heavy enough to bring about this end, if need be.

The best selling book at the Methodist Book Concern in San Francisco in April was Dr. Cull's "A Modern Revolt from Rome." The second on the list was Bigbie's "Souls in Action." In Pittsburg, the latter stood first and Dr. Jefferson's "Building of the Church" was second. In Boston and in Detroit, "Souls in Action" ranked first. Among the leading books that month in Detroit was Dr. Jowett's "The School of Calvary."

In a comment on Roman Catholicism the London Christian remarks: "The Roman Church reproaches Protestantism for its sectarian divisions, but Rome itself is far from united. In the Roman Church there are the Orthodox and the Old Catholics, the Modernists or Liberal Catholics, also the Gallicans. Monastic orders also regard each other with sectarian bitterness; while for centuries there has been a feud between the regular clergy and the monastic orders. Thus the Papacy is by no means a model of harmony; though, on public questions, before the outside world, it has a way of showing a united front.

The following figures show the great progress religiously among the negroes in the United States during the last forty-five years. Enrolled as church members are now 3,700,000. There are 35,224 ordained ministers; there are 35,160 churches; the total value of the church property is $56,650,000; there are 35,000 Sunday schools with 1,700,000 pupils and 210,000 teachers; the Negro churches contribute annually over $500,000 for education; they support 175 colleges, industrial schools and academies; they contribute each year over $100,000 for home mission work supporting 200 home missionaries and aiding 350 needy churches; they also contribute annually about $50,000 for foreign mission work.

On Easter Sunday Bishop Harris preached to four thousand Koreans at Seoul, Korea. The Bishop writes: "I

am glad to assure the churches at home that the conditions here are unusually favorable, as reported by the missionaries. Order reigns in all parts of the country and the people attend the churches in increasing numbers. At the time when the annexation occurred there was some misgiving, but that has all become a thing of the past, and now that the relations of the two countries are finally settled, the conditions for Christian work are better than they have ever been. We have heard of very few, if any, defects in the Christian ranks, either Catholic or Protestant, but of a large addition to the number of converts."

High above the marshy wastes which border the Klamath lakes in Southern Oregon, a lone white heron winged its flight a few months ago, the sole survivor of a once numerous family, says a writer in the Technical World. "On broad pinions the snowy survivor of a former legion floated to the east and then to the west, the far-seeing eyes searching vainly each stretch of lake, land or sedgy waste for a familiar patch of white which would betoken the presence father, mother, mate, chick or friend. He saw none, for President Roosevelt had been too late in setting aside the Klamath district as a national bird reserve, and the delay had sealed the fate of the white heron family." The officials of the United States land office and of the Audubon societies declare that only one is left, so far as they can ascertain. Fashion brought about their butchery.

In an address on Equal Suffrage, given recently before the New York legislature, ex-Governor Brady of Idaho said that his observations had led him to the conclusion that equal franchise had made better wives and mothers and sisters of the women of Idaho. Woman suffrage he affirms raises the standard of the voters at the polls. "While women are not better politicians than men, they have a better brand of politics." He finds that women with the ballot are much more interested in public affairs. This brings to mind a remark made by Mr. Briggs, pastor of Bethany Congregational Church, San Francisco, at a recent meeting of ministers. It was in substance that at the meetings held in his church for the consideration of questions of the day, the most intelligent interest was shown by women.

The Rev. Edwin Sidney Williams, of Saratoga, has been mentioned so frequently in the newspapers as a millionaire and has been so troubled with appeals for aid because of such mention that he felt constrained to say not long ago in a San Jose daily paper: "I do sometimes feel as rich as Croesus when I look out on our wonderful foothills and bask in the glorious sunshine God gives his California children. But the modest income which keeps up my Three Oaks house cannot put me in the rich man's class. The truth is, friends, this income is less than the modest salaries I have earned in the profession to which my heart has always been given and is given devotedly now. Three Oaks does not represent my savings, for all my earnings have been used for the churches of my Divine and glorious Lord. My home is the legacy of a sainted father who taught me to love nature and to try and make others happy."

An American tourist in England writes in the Lutheran Observer of the Rev. Dr. Campbell Morgan: "Thirty years ago Spurgeon's Tabernacle drew the crowd, now it is Westminster Chapel. Services began at eleven, and at that hour the floor of the capacious room and the first galllery were radiant with a sea of expectant faces. G. Campbell Morgan rose in the pulpit, and a hush fell upon the vast audience. You have seen him, or his picture. A long neck, a smooth face, and a wealth of gray hair. Voice clear, penetrating. Not many gestures, but a continual movement of the head, an expressive play of the features. A little address to the children who had marched to seats before the pulpit. It was very plain, and the youngsters listened intently to a beautiful story. Dr. Morgan is original in manner and thought. He took no text, but referred to chapters and verses, which the congregation found in the Bibles which were ready in every pew. It is the old Scotch style. The general topic was Sin. Kant defines sin, Morgan said, as that which ought not to be, as the supreme tragedy of the universe, as the crimson thread running through all literature. The whole sermon was a close exposition of the word; there was no declamation, no posing, no effort at display. It was a study in practical theology. Spencer is called the poet of poets, Morgan a preacher for preachers. He is a master of exposition. The sermon was about an hour long, but it was like a demonstration in mathematics—nothing could be left out."

A MEETING WELL WORTH YOUR ATTENDANCE!

The annual meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco next week ought to draw a large attendance from the cities about the bay.

The program, the main features of which are given in The Pacific again this week, shows that there will be much that will be found well worth while.

Hundreds from hereabouts ought to be present during each day and in the evening the church should be crowded.

The meeting was brought to San Francisco for our encouragement and uplift, let us see to it that the inspiration of such an occasion is allowed to flow widely into California Congregationalism.

SEATTLE ENTERPRISE.

Plymouth church, Seattle, finished last week a successful campaign for the raising of $75,000 to be added to the building fund available from the sale recently of the old site. This additional sum will make possible the erection of a building such as the work in Seattle requires and free from debt. Congratulations!

AN ENTERPRISE IN CHURCH BUILDING IN BERKELEY.

The North Berkeley Congregational Church has been engaged the last week in an effort to raise a sufficient amount of money to justify going ahead on its plan to build a new edifice at a cost for the whole project of $18,500.

This will provide for a church edifice, to be used in connection with its present structure, at a cost of $11,800; for Sunday-school and social rooms and equipment at a cost of $1,500 and for a lot adjoining its site long in use, at a cost of $5,200.

An attractive announcement, with the caption, "An Enterprise in Church Building for the Service of the Community," was printed and circulated, and thirty men thus heralded and equipped proceeded to call on the people.

The aim of the church was set forth in the following:

"To preach the simple Gospel of Christ to men and wo-

men. To instruct children in spiritual things. To minister to the the moral and social life of the community. To live our creed: 'Love to God and Service to our Fellow men.' "

A brief history of the church was given, and among the things on the announcement circular was this:

"We believe in the community and are preparing for its growth and development.

"Here must be a Sunday-school for our children, a gathering place for our neighbors and ourselves, a house of worship for us all.

"Our future must be what the people of this church and community are willing to make it."

Among the questions put to the people, on this little circular, were these:

"Do you believe in the spiritual uplift?

"Do you believe in our creed of love to God and service of our fellowmen?"

Tuesday of this week there had been such response that the success of the enterprise was assured—at that time about $10,000 having been pledged.

We congratulate not only the North Berkeley Congregationalists but all Berkeley as well—in that this church so worthy all the years of its existence is to be so equipped that it can do in a proper manner the great work opening up before it in our University city.

A CATHEDRAL FOR ALL PROTESTANTISM.

Commenting on the recent dedication of the finished portions of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City, the Broadway Tabernacle Tidings remarks that it was noteworthy because of the list of speakers.

"Denominational lines were obliterated, and into the pulpit of the new Cathedral were admitted an Episcopal clergyman, an Episcopal layman, a Baptist layman, and a Congregational clergyman,, as if it were the intention of the Bishop of New York to make clear at the very outset that the Cathedral exists for the service of humanity, and that the voices of servants of God, no matter of what religious communion, are to be heard within its walls. By the making of this single program, Bishop Greer indicated to the world his future policy, a policy which will commend itself to an ever increasing multitude of Christian men"

It is said further concerning this beautiful Cathedral, in the construction of which millions of dollars are being expended:

"It is fitting that the greatest city in the world should have on its most superb height a building which will worthily symbolize the faith of the Christian heart. We do not sympathize with those who disapprove of stately and costly church edifices on the ground that the money should be spent in feeding the poor. It is a shortsighted policy which considers only the physical hungers of men and takes no account of the deeper cravings of the soul. There is something more in men to be fed than a stomach, and it is by feeding men's souls that we are on the surest road to the feeding of their bodies. Whatever stimulates faith and exalts the heart, and gives zeal to devotion, will in the long run exert a mighty influence on all the springs of philanthropy. It is by getting men to look up that their eyes are cleansed so that they can see the needs of their brothers around them. In a city of vast wealth, like New York, where thousands of people live in palaces, there is no reason why a small fraction of the wealth should not be invested in a great structure which shall speak to the hearts of millions of God and His Son, of Paradise and the life everlasting. In one sense it is an Episcopalian Cathedral, a temple erected in Christ's honor in which every lover of God and his fellowmen can take a genuine delight. Thousands of people who have not been trained in the Episcopal communion are feeling and will continue to feel a solemn pride in the growing structure on Morningside Heights, feeling that it is too large to be monopolized by any one branch of the Christian church, but belongs to all who serve the Lord and love his appearing. Its beauty and majesty will speak to thousands who will never worship within its walls, and streams of blessing will flow from it helping to make glad the world. We have reached a time when Christian hearts should flow together, and when we should rejoice in the works and victories of those who march under a different standard from ours in the great army of the Lord. Many a Protestant never passes St. Patrick's Cathedral without being devoutly thankful that so noble a building dedicated to God should dignify and adorn the most famous of our avenues, and men and women of all names and creeds will rejoice that the noblest of our hills is crowned by an edifice, colossal and glorious, symbolizing the heart's faith in God who has revealed himself in Christ."

In the caption of this article we have used the words, "A Cathedral for All Protestantism." Why didn't we make it more comprehensive and use words which would include Roman Catholicism? Simply because the Roman Catholic communion doesn't care to be included in anything Protestant. It is the aim of the leaders in Roman Catholicism to keep as many of their people as possible in the belief that the Catholic religion should be exclusively dominant, and every other worship interdicted and banished. In these latter words we have given the substance of a declaration by a 19th century pope, Pius X.

"THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL."

A Book Review.

By William Frederic Bade.

"The Mountain Trail and its Message" is the title of a little book by the Reverend Albert W. Palmer. Its contents are of such excellent quality that one cannot help wishing there were more pages in it. The colored half-tone illustration of Gilmore Lake forms the frontispiece and there are many others affording beautiful glimpses of Hetch-Hetchy, the Tuolumne Canyon, Rogers Lake, and the Tuolumne Meadows. Mr. Palmer has depicted in a very happy manner the free and healthful life of the Sierra Nevada as it is lived by members of the Sierra Club on their annual outings into the High Sierra. Various types of interesting recreation seekers pass before the reader amid a setting of cliffs and forests, lakes and waterfalls, such as only California mountains can provide. The reader finds himself among them around the camp-fire, where scientists tell the fascinating secrets of nature in simple and direct language, where music and song are free from the artifices of the theater, and where the day's fatigue is slept away on the blooming heath with no ceiling to shut out the stars. John Muir also appears in these pages as only those know him who have walked with him in the mountains. Yet amid this recital of adventures, and depicting of scenes,

Mr. Palmer with gentle, but sure touch, always turns to the light the moral aspect of his experiences. The author feels sure that the mountain trail has a message, and all who take up this little book will be gladdened and cheered by the message which the author has set down in it. The book is attractively bound in Corduroy paper boards, and is published by the Pilgrim Press at the price of 50 cents, net.

A MISSION TO BE ADOPTED.

Here is a mission that like Topsy, "never was born, never had any mother," and yet is a vigorous infant mission, just needing to be mothered by a good strong board of missions.

Old Californians know, but others can hardly appreciate the peculiar conditions of the Indians of Northern California.

Nowhere else were Indians so abruptly and completely stripped of possessions or privileges. They were overwhelmed by the tidal wave of immigration after the discovery of gold, and the later discovery of land values. The treaties by which their lands were given up were never ratified, and the Indian was an outcast with nowhere to set his foot or pitch a camp. This was claimed as a white man's country, and the red man was driven from every tillable spot.

The rapid decrease of the race is due to the extreme poverty resulting from these conditions. They have been literally starved out.

In Colusa County there are five rancherias, for each of which the government has lately purchased a small tract of land, where they may live, and have some chance of development. Tribal relations are entirely lost. Each band recognizes the leadership of a captain who comes to his office without any process of election, simply by superior force of character, and some sense of responsibility.

The possession by the band of a few acres lent dignity to the office and ambition to the leader. Captain Odock s band of 80 souls had lived for years on a spot of ground that white men had no use for, a barren stony place, overflowed in winter and malarious in summer, there they lingered, starved, and buried their dead under their very feet. In fact they were known as the graveyard Indians. When the tardy action of the government gave them a foothold on land of their own, Captain Odock saw visions and dreamed of a school. He was a patriarch now, and among his band were sixteen children of school age, not permitted in a public school. A kind woman said she would teach if there was a schoolhouse. So he went about among all the white men who knew him soliciting gifts of material and labor, and a school house was built 16 x 24 feet. A crude construction, but dear to his heart.

He had heard of the Indian Conference at Mt. Hermon and desired to attend, but lost the opportunity rather than lose the labor of the white man who was helping him to build the schoolhouse.

Then the teacher came according to promise. She could not live in a campodie, so he got more lumber and put a lean-to on the end of the building, which she occupied, and taught the school until time for the next summer vacation—all she could afford to do gratuitously.

It must be remembered that the Indian had no idea that any one was paid for teaching. The far-off government schools were free, the white schools were free. Capt. Odock was happy while the school continued and heartbroken when it closed.

Then he came the next year to Mt. Hermon, dejected and sorrowful, too distressed to tell his story very clearly, but the sad climax of it was, in his own words, "the teacher flew the coop," and he had learned that teachers must be paid—and his people were so poor.

He came alone. Other Indians were there from other tribes, strangers to each other; he saw that all had their troubles, and his discouragement amounted to despair. By degrees he yielded to the kindly atmosphere of the place, and one day, when the great tent was filled by a sympathetic audience, his story was told by a friend, and Odock himself was induced to speak the wish that burdened his heart. His plea was, "The children must have educate; somehow **must** have educate." The heart of the audience was touched. In twenty minutes a fund of $366 was raised for his school. The captain's heart was touched, too, as never before. He had not known that such things were done for love's sake, and when he left the tent he went with a new-found white friend into the woods where upon their knees the crisis of his life came, and at the evening service he stood unabashed on the platform, and by his own words pledged his life to service of his God, the white man's God, for love of whom the whites had pitied his people.

Present in the tent were two experienced evangelists, Rev. F. G. Collett and his wife, Mrs. Beryl Bishop Collett, who volunteered for the mission. They went there, and it would be a long tale to tell of all the difficulties they have overcome. The school is a great success. Capt. Odock himself has learned to read. The men are learning to cultivate their land, a field has been sown to alfalfa, gardens planted, trees set out, driftwood gathered from the river at its flood for fuel in winter, and advances made in all directions, and, best of all, several men and women have learned the Jesus way, and are living better lives. For them the struggle has begun between the darkness of superstition and the light of Christianity.

This will be a central point from which the Indians of the other rancherias will all be reached, and it is believed that a strong mission will grow from this beginning if it shall be adopted and sustained by a responsible Board of Misisons.

DORCAS J. SPENCER,
Supt. Work among Indians, National W. C. T. U.

INSTITUTES OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

The Rev. Miles R. Fisher of the Sunday-school and Publishing Society went to Washington this week and will conduct these institutes at Spokane, Cheney, Walla Walla, Tacoma, Seattle, Bellingham, in that State; and at Portland and Forest Grove in Oregon.

Returning to California institutes will be held at Sacramento and Stockton.

Those who attended the sessions in Oakland and San Francisco speak very highly of their value.

Miss Slattery of Boston, who speaks at each one of the institutes, is a woman of rich experience in educational work, and one well worth hearing on the part of all with interest in religious education. She is supervisor of the State Normal School at Fitchburg, Massachusetts. When she resigned to take up this work with the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, the officials of that institution declined to accept her resignation, but gave her leave of absence for a few years.

THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY MEETING.

The 85th annual meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society will be held in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco June 7-9.

At the opening service on Wednesday evening there will be an address by the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked, and a response by the Rev. Dr. S. H. Woodrow, of Washington, D. C., the president of the Society. Subject of address in response, "The Base of Home Missions." Following this will be an address by that inimitable platform speaker and frontier worker, the Rev. W. G. Puddefoot, now superintendent of Congregational Home Missions in Indiana.

Thursday morning, following the annual business meeting, there will be an address by Dr. Emrich, secretary of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society on "New England at Home." And one on "New England Transplanted," by the Rev. Dr. Van Horn of Plymouth Church, Seattle.

At noon that day there will be a lunch in honor of the Congregational pioneers in California—the Rev. Drs. Willey, Pond and Rowell, with an address of "greeting" by Secretary Herring of the Society.

The Thursday afternoon program covers Congregational history on the Pacific Coast as follows: "Memories of Fifty Years in California," by Dr. Pond; "Congregational History in the Pacific Northwest;" "Present Day Congregationalism in California," by A. W. Palmer of Oakland; "Present Day Congregationalism in the Pacific Northwest," by Dr. Dyott of Portland.

The Woman's Home Missionary Federation will hold a session that afternoon, at which time addresses will be made by Mrs. J. H. Heald and Miss Miriam Woodberry.

Thursday evening will come an address by Dr. Boynton, the Moderator of the National Council, on "The Dignity of Home Missions."

Other addresses that evening: "The Gospel Over Against the Gambling House and the Saloon," by Mr. Carter, pastor of the Home Mission Church at Wallace, Idaho. And "Caring for a Scattered Flock," by Mr. Stover, pastor at Indian River, Idaho.

Friday morning there will be a Symposium on the Problems of State Self-Support, conducted by the Rev. E. L. Smith, of Pilgrim Church, Seattle.

Also an address on "The Social Vision and Task of Home Missions," by Secretary Atkinson of the department of labor and social service of the Congregational Brotherhood.

Then will come fraternal messages from the other Congregational societies.

Arrangements have been made for a Symposium on "The Conquest of the City," on Friday afternoon:

1. "Standardized Methods in City Work," by Secretary Swartz of the Home Missionary Society.

2. "The Secret of Success in Chicago," by Superintendent Armstrong, of the Chicago City Missionary Society.

3. "The Method That Gave Seattle a Congregational Growth of 184 per cent," Superintendent Gale, of Seattle City Missionary Society.

4. "The Most Effective Feature of the Boston Congregational Union," by Mr. Stocking, pastor of First Church, Newtonville.

5. "The Most Successful Plan Tried Out in St. Louis," Superintendent Armstrong.

Friday afternoon will have also among its good features addresses on "The Armenian in America," "Among the Germans," "The Scandinavian Fellowship," and "In Mormondom.' The addresses on the last topic will be by Superintendent Goodwin of Utah and by Pastor Simpkin of Salt Lake City.

Friday at 5:30, there will be a Congregational Brotherhood banquet, with addresses by Secretary Dyer and others.

At the closing session that night William Horace Day of Los Angeles and Charles M. Sheldon of Topeka, Kansas, author of "In His Steps," will speak. The latter's subject will be, "New Uses for the Old Gospel."

YOUR PACIFIC COAST CONGRESS TICKET!

All persons going to the Pacific Coast Congregational Congress at Portland, June 10-15, except ministers going at clergy rate, are requested to take a receipt on purchasing ticket to Portland. If fifty persons are in attendance a one-third rate will be given in return.

All churches on the coast are entitled to representation by such number of delegates as they may wish to send. Entertainment will be furnished for all in attendance outside of Portland.

Names should be sent to the Rev. H. G. Crocker, First Congregational Church, Portland.

The program, as given in The Pacific last week, indicates quite an intellectual feast.

WILLIAM H. SCUDDER.

The Rev. William H. Scudder passed suddenly from this life into the other life at his home near Petaluma on Friday, May the 26th.

California Congregationalism loses thus one whose years in the ministry were so serviceable as to leave large impress for good on all with whom he had to do.

Mr Scudder was a man of scholarly attainments and an interesting and able preacher.

Many readers of the Pacific will remember the excellent service which he rendered several years ago in writing notes on the Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor lessons. Whatever he did he did well—being in every way and in all relations a most faithful and painstaking worker.

Born in Vellore, India, about fifty-three years ago, he received education at Rutgers College, New Brunswick, New Jersey. His theological training was in the seminary connected with that institution.

Ordained in 1882, and united in marriage the same year to Miss Mary Hedley, his first pastorate was at New Durham, N. J. In 1887 he came to Plymouth Church, San Francisco. Other pastorates were at Norwich, N. Y., with the First Church of Tacoma, Park Church of Berkeley and at Rio Vista.

Failing health, some affection of the heart which resulted last week in his sudden death, made necessary last year the laying down of the regular work of the pastorate, and ranch work was taken up near Petaluma, and pulpit supply work was done from time to time.

Mr. Scudder is survived by his wife and several children. His father, the Rev. J. W. Scudder, a long time missionary in India, departed this life in September, 1910.

Following services at Petaluma the body was brought to San Francisco on Monday for cremation, and the ser-

vices at the crematory chapel in this city were attended by many of his ministerial brethren and others to whom during his years here he had greatly endeared himself.

A Tribute By Dr. Pond.

Last Friday, this brother beloved was standing in the open air, beside his wife, at their rural home near Petaluma, watching the flight of a swarm of bees till they settled on a tree. He said to her, "I think that I will hive that swarm," and proceeded to prepare to do it, but she protested against it as imprudent for a person in his physical condition. He yielded to the protest, and sat down by her side on the grass, looked up into her face with a smile, turned over, and in an instant was in heaven. On earth he has lived, if I was correctly informed, 52 years; he lives in heaven eternally.

He has entered there upon some worthy service to our King, for which by faith, by study, but especially through trial and sorrow, Christ has prepared him.

I remember very intimately his arrival among us, through a call from Plymouth Church in this city. The good name of the Scudder family—known the Christian world over, had preceded him; and it had been brightened for us through the good behavior among us of two of his kinsmen, an uncle and a cousin, the latter for many years the pastor of our church in Alameda. He impressed us at once as a hard student, an almost voracious reader, who read not only abundantly, but with good digestion. not thought sufficiently to "bring out of his treasury things new and old."

A busy pastor has little opportunity to listen to his brethren. I do not remember hearing him preach but once, and then at a meeting of our General Association. The affluence of his materials was the remark which I made to myself on that occasion—just as I had often made it when he presented papers at our ministers' meeing. Indeed, this was the only criticism which occurred to me: He had so much to say and was so earnest to say it, that he overrated the capacity of his hearers to receive.

He was a warm friend, a true lover, a genuine follower of our Lord. It was, however, in the fortitude with which he endured the chastening of the Lord, the good cheer he maintained under what would have sunk many a person in hopeless depression, that his Christian heroism was made most manifest. His work in San Francisco was not free from trials, but the beginning of his great sorrows was when, after returning to the East, his home, and in it two beautiful children, were consumed. Other griefs followed of which I may not speak, but when again he came among us, there was nothing of that aspect of a crushed spirit which, I confess it with shame, I expected to see, but rather that of a spirit saddened and humbled, indeed, yet eager still for gospel work, and cheerful in it whatever might betide.

For years he has gone in and out among us, passing all the while through a valley of the shadow of death; well knowing that any moment the physical heart, weak and wounded, might cease to beat and the summons come into the great beyond. But he moved bravely on, availing himself of every opportunity of usefulness that came to him, conscious that to go forth from his home on any gospel errand might mean to say to his wife and children a last farewell.

I cannot close this sketch without one word which I trust will not be obtrusive,—one word of tribute to her whom God gave him to help his faith, to share in his immutable good cheer, to stop at no self-sacrifice for his sake, and whose "children rise up and call her blessed."

THE BOOK OF JONAH.

By Prof. Granville F. Foster.

With the possible exception of Ecclesiastes and Esther, no book in the whole Canon of Scripture has provoked so much discussion, has been the subject of so much criticism as that of Jonah; and much of this criticism has arisen from a total misunderstanding of the scope and design of the writer and hence this has led to a special misunderstanding of the meaning and force of certain Hebrew words which have long been stumbling-blocks in the way of many an earnest seeker after spiritual truth. Is it not passing strange that so often in this world, some trivial feature or circumstance in the life of a great man or some incidental statement in a great literary production is made, like a coin placed close to the eye, to shut out the light which comes from the real elements of greatness? For instance, the statement of the watchman on the tower, at the gate of Jezreel, about "the furious driving of Jehu" has made the name of that monarch in all the languages of Europe, synonymous with jockey, to the almost utter ignoring of his real greatness as a statesman and a reformer. So too, the painted face of Jezebel, painted as she was awaiting the coming of Jehu, coming as it proved, with murderous intent, has often shut out the colossal crimes of that Phoenician princess, and here in the Book of Jonah, the whale story, so often used as spice to flavor a foolish or vulgar jest has frequently obscured or shut out the exquisite beauty of one of the most beautiful allegories ever written, replete with spiritual lessons, some of the most important that can engage the attention of mortals.

In considering this book the following questions will naturally present themselves: When and where was the bok written? What are the peculiarities of the diction and style of the book which will necessarily include also these subordinate questions: Is the book intended to be history? Is it a myth, like the story of Andromeda, who was, by the way, chained to a rock close to Joppa in the vicinity of the place where Jonah was cast into the sea or like the story of Arion saved from drowning by dolphins or like the story of Hiawatha, swallowed by the sturgeon, Mishe-Nahma? And finally we have the most important of questions: What are the lessons which the Book is designed to teach?

Once it was thought that the writer of the Book was Jonah, himself, and that it must have been written somewhere about the middle of the eighth century before the Christian era,, for in II Kings XIV:25 an account of a prophet of that name, who foretold to Jereboam II. the extension of the Northern Kingdom or Kingdom of Israel to the wider territory it had formerly held, led the older theologians to believe the book to be genuine history, an autobiography of the author, but the kind of Hebrew language practically became a new one after the captivity. At first the Jews that returned to the Holy Land endeavored to keep the two streams—the Hebrew and the Chaldaic separate but they gradually coalesced until about 300 B. C. they formed an Armaean tongue that bore much the same relation to the Hebrew of Isaiah and Jeremiah as the English of the

13th century bore to the Anglo-Saxon as spoken before the Norman invasion. Now the very use of so many Chaldaic words, but words however that conform more or less to the grammatical rules of the ancient tongue, stamps the period of the writing of the Book as about 300 B. C. The scholar in Hebrew and Chaldaic will appreciate this argument as conclusive, but to this might be added the circumstantial evidence of Chapter III and verse 3 which speaks of Nineveh as na longer existing—it was, not is an exceeding great city. Indeed the whole story presupposes that all the events narrated were from the standpaint of the writer, in the long ago. The place of writing was probably Jerusalem, for the country of the historical Jonah had perished in the wars with Shalmaneser II. and with the successor of that monarch over 400 years before the book was written.

George Adam Smith tells us that it is more than a sin, nay a crime to insist upon the Book of Jonah being historical. Those who do so are hugging the shadow of the false exegesis of the Dark Ages which is yet projected into our own. Everything points to its being a divine allegory in dramatic form, the purpose of which is to teach spiritual truth. The writer evidently seized as a proper medium for his allegory, the prophet Jonah, who lived nearly five hundred years before his time, when the great Empire of Assyria was just rising to the height of its power, and probably the meaning of the name Jonah itself had much to do with the choice of that prophet as the hero of the Book, for it means, "The dove," and the dove was the bird of Asshur as the eagle was the bird of Jupiter and the ravens the birds of Odin. In the pictorial representation of Asshur on the alabaster walls of the rooms of the several palaces at Ninevah, this supreme of Assyrian divinities is represented as an old man with a long flowing beard standing within a ring, his feet on the lower part and his head touching the upper part, while he holds in his hand a mighty bow. At the top of the ring at both sides are the wings of a dove, and at the side of the ring are smaller rings within rings or wheels within wheels like those that came to Ezekial in vision before he was divinely commissioned to be a prophet of Jehovah. In this representation, the various attributes of a Supreme Deity are seen—omniscience, omnipotence, omni-presence, eternal existence, swiftness to execute divine purposes. Evidently, the writer of the book regarded Asshur as the same as Jahweh or Jehovah and there are many reasons why he might so regard him according to all the treatises on religion so far examined from the various libraries of Ancient Assyria. Asshur is represented as without beginning of years or end of days, as the God of the whole earth, a just and righteous God, rewarding the worthy and punishing the unworthy. In short, the attributes of Asshur are the same as those of Jehovah, and it is to be remembered that all the sensuous stories told of the Greek Zeus, the Roman Jupiter, or the Babylonian Bel-Merodach, are absolutely wanting in all that is said of Asshur, while the Assyrian Penitential Psalms breathe forth in his praise the same noble and lofty devotion and consecration as we find in David's Psalms in praise of Jehovah. True, there were subordinate gods in the Assyrian pantheon, but there was an infinite distance between them and Asshur, and like the Scandinavians in their religious belief, the Assyrians believed a period would come when all the gods but Asshur would perish. It is easy to see that these inferior deities were venerated rather as the Virgin Mary and the Saints are in the Catholic Church than as the real objects of genuine worship which was always chiefly directed to the one Supreme Being. The recognition of Asshur as Jehovah here is on a par with the recognition of Ahuro Mazdao, the Supreme Being among the Persians by Ezra (see Ezra 1:3) though Isaiah is careful to make the distinction (see Isaiah xlv:4).

It was befitting therefore that Jonah, the Dove, the Messenger of Asshur, should be represented as going to the chief city of the worship of that Deity for the purpose of awaking the people out of their lethargy to a genuine devotion and a hearty worship.

The book then is a Divine Allegory but, in dramatic form. Arranged in this form, it might be divided thus:

Act I. At Gath Hepher in the Territory of the Tribe of Zebulon—Jonah, son of Amittai called to go to Nineveh, 600 miles in direct line across the desert, or 1,000 by usually travelled route, for the purpose of denouncing the inhabitants of that city for their sins, with the appalling prediction: "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown."

Act II. Jonah endeavors to escape the dangerous and distasteful task by setting out on a journey to Tarshish, or Tartessos, a town on the ancient Baetis, the modern Guadalquiver in Southwestern Spain, about 2,000 miles distant.

Act III. The Great Storm.—Casting lots to discover who is responsible for the storm.—The lot falls on Jonah and he is cast into the sea.—How preserved.—His Psalm.

Act IV. Jonah goes to Nineveh.—The Ninevites repent and Jonah is displeased thereat.

Act V. The Parable of the gourd growing up and withering in a single night.

As to the lessons which are taught by the book, we must remember that like the parables of our Lord which often referred to the Jewish race in general and also to every person in particular, as for example, the Parable of the Prodigal Son, so this allegory refers to the Jewish nation, in its duties to Jehovah, to the other nations of the world and to itself, but it is equally capable of being applied as a congeries of spiritual lessons to the individual. In its wide application, Jonah is the Jewish nation, the Dove or Messenger of Jehovah, or as Paul characterizes the law, "The Schoolmaster" that leads to Christ, and Nineveh with equal propriety stands for the world. Rev. Mr. Cheyne of the Encyclopaedia Biblica sets forth the idea that the monster of the deep, was Nineveh, the cartouche of which was a fish, the name itself meaning in the Assyrian tongue, the place or city of fishing, which city standing for the whole Semitic people of the Euphrates and Tigris valleys had in the captivity, swallowed the Kingdom of Judah, but repentance following, the Jews after the typical three days returned to their own land to become in fact the means through whom all nations of the earth should be blest; but the monster of the deep may also stand for Death, that swallows up all, both great and small, indeed in the Psalm of Jonah, is found the expression (revised version) "Out of the belly of Sheol (the grave) cried I" and later we find this (verse 6, chapter III) "I went down to the bottom of the mountains; the earth with its bars closed upon me forever; yet hast thou brought up my life from the pit, O Jehovah, my God!"

The lessons both general and special are these:

First. The nation or man called by the Almighty to perform a certain Divinely imposed duty cannot escape responsibility by fleeing to Tarshish and to do so brings inevitable disaster. Israel learned this to its cost, and every man who undertakes it, sooner or later learns it also to his cost. Each man is called to duty in Christ's kingdom, and woe to him if he refuses to meet the issue and turns

in the opposite direction to go on his own way, for there is the monster of Eternal Death to be reckoned with, whether one wills or not.

Second. The book evidently teaches that the old Jewish exclusiveness must cease. Heaven and righteousness, and in short all the oracles of God are for the world and the Jews are the foreign missionaries and whether Jonah liked it or he **must** go to Nineveh, for the world must hear the good tidings of salvation.

Third. The fact that Death does not end all is plainly seen in the whole imagery of Jonah's Psalms. Here is taught the lesson of a glorious Resurrection, and it was because of this very teaching that our Divine Master said: As Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of the sea-monster (see margin of revised version Matt. XII:40); so shall the son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." Compare this with Jonah III:6.

Fourth. Prophecy can be changed by repentance. To each unregenerate man there is the appalling cry: "Yet (in the mind of God a definite period varying of course in different persons) and thou shalt be destroyed—the eternal ruin of a soul; but repentance at any time on the part of any person will absolutely reverse this prophecy as it may be rightly called.

Fifth. The whole Book of Jonah is an illustration of the loving kindness of Jehovah.

Sixth. The evil effects of narrow-mindedness and bigotry and the foolishness of anger, easily illustrated from the whole history of the Jewish race, and from the history of many nations and individuals since.

Has God called the United States to any special duties for the benefit of the world—are all the nations of the earth to be blessed by her commanding attitude for Christianity and for all that this means of fair-dealing and righteousness in her relations at home and abroad? It will be well for her if she fails not to meet the issues and performs her duty.

Finally let no reader think that the earnest Christian critics of today wish to injure the reputation of the Scriptures or belittle the meaning of the word of God because they wish to sweep away the errors of the false exegesis of the Dark and Middle Ages. If the Divine Mind so arranged that the writer of the Book we have been studying should set forth in lofty allegorical form Divine truths, why stick to earth-born and sensuous exegesis which the ignorance of a past age foisted on the theological world? Is an explanation of a Bible statement necessarily true because the explanation is old? Have not the earnest, devoted, faithful Christian critics of our age no help of the Spirit of God in their decisions, while those who lived in Europe amid the barbarism of the eight, ninth, and tenth centuries for instance were all inwardly illuminated by that spirit? How fearful some timid Christians are, lest the modern storms of learning may hurt the frail bark of Christianity! Nay friends, be not afraid for the pilot who has guided that book safely, triumphantly through all the storms that have assailed it will not let it be hurt now, when the storms are clearing ones, designed to remove the clouds and let in the true light of Heaven!

TOO BUSY TO DO ANYTHING.

Little Howard came in the other day crying and rubbing several bumps caused by a pet sheep.

"Well, Howard," said his sympathetic auntie, "what did you do when the sheep knocked you down?"

"I didn't do anything. I was getting up all the time."

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Mission.—Word has been received from New York that the Church Building Society has voted $10,000 for the Mission Congregational Church of San Francisco—a $5,000 grant and a $5,000 loan.

Berkeley, First.—Next Sunday morning the Rev. Dr. S. H. Woodrow of Washington, D. C., president of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, will speak; in the evening the Rev. Dr. H. C. Herring of New York, the secretary of the Society.

Oakland, First.—The pulpit has been occupied for two Sundays by the Rev. J. T. Stocking of Newtonville, Massachusetts, whose sermons have been of marked interest and value. Last Sunday Dr. Boynton, the moderator of the Congregational National Council will speak both in the morning and in the evening.

San Francisco, Richmond.—The Memorial Day services crowded the Richmond Congregational Church last Sunday evening. The George H. Thomas Post No. 2 of the Grand Army of the Republic was in attendance in a body. Dr. Cull gave a very impressive address in the course of which he paid tribute to the men of the South as well as to those of the North.

Pasadena, North.—This church rejoices in the return of its pastor, the Rev. George M. Morrison, from Minnesota, where he has been in a sanitarium for the past eight months. He seems much improved in health and all are hoping that the benefit will be lasting. We also have to rejoice in the completion of a parsonage which cost $3,200. The next movement here will doubtless be toward a new church building, or at least a new Sunday-school room.

Berkeley, Park.—In the death of James S. Crew, long a deacon in the Park Congregational Church, the Christian forces of Berkeley lose a beloved and valued worker. Mr. Crew, who passed into the higher life on the 27th of May, was born in Indiana in 1841. Going to Kansas in the early years of the rapid settlement of that state he became a member of the legislature and a state university regent. For many years he was a pillar in the Park church and will be greatly missed.

Redwood.—Memorial services were held in the church on Sunday evening, attended by the Geo. S. Evans Post and W. R. C. The Methodist church joined in the service, and the seating capacity of the church was taxed. The pastor, Rev. C. C. Kirtland, preached the sermon, taking for his text Micah 4:3: "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks,' predicting the time, fast approaching, when war shall be no more, and the Prince of Peace shall rule the world.

Oakland, Fourth.—A church reception given to our new pastor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Brittin, proved a most enjoyable affair. The committees having the function in charge spared no pains in making the arrangements for a delightful entertainment—throwing open the church throughout, revealing the main auditorium, Sunday-school room, and parlors, all artistically decorated,

and engendering a warm hospitality so typical of this church. A very pleasing program of music was interspersed with versatile and interesting remarks from a goodly number of the ministers present to sincerely greet Mr. Brittin and to extend to him the warm hand of fellowship and helpfulness in all his undertakings; also to congratulate him on his adoption of Congregationalism. His response to their courtesy and our hospitality was marked by a very happy manner, and we trust this all portends to a union of hands and hearts in the work that Mr. Brittin has come here to do. We have already detected in our new pastor keen intellect, clear insight, true heartedness and sincerity, and an earnestness of purpose which makes us feel that he is a wide-awake young man. May the all good attend his efforts. We were all much cheered by the loving presence of our former pastor (and we must say it, always pastor) Mr. Maar, who came in unexpectedly and took a seat among us, creating quite a reception "all his own." We speak our gratitude for his improvement.

Pittsburg.—The work at Pittsburg, formerly Black Diamond, has been very encouraging of late. The Rev. E. Owens of Martinez, with our pastor, W. H. Cooke, led a week of protracted meetings in January that stirred the hearts of the people as they had not been stirred for years. As a result, we find our number in attendance growing, and an interest shown that comes from a heart that has been turned toward God. On Easter Sunday our little church was crowded and such a free-will offering as was given had never before been received. On April 29th a party under the direction of our Sunday-school superintendent, Mrs. W. H. Cooke, was given in the church in the afternoon for the purpose of getting together all the members of the different departments of the church and Sunday-school work, that we might become better acquainted, and know really who belonged to us. An interesting program had been prepared. Mrs. Geo. W. Hinman, who had been a missionary in China for 12 years was present, and gave a splendid talk on the lives and customs of the people with whom she had labored so long. At 3:30 lunch was served. Our pastor, Rev. W. H. Cooke, was with us and spoke words of pleasure and welcome. Missionary barrels were distributed. The children played games, and all went home well pleased. There were ten received into the church on Sunday last, one on confession of faith and nine by letter. The annex to the rear of the church building is about completed.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity had the pleasure of listening last Monday to the Rev. Arthur H. Smith, the noted missionary to China

It was voted to hold the meeting next Monday in the lecture room of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, at which time Dr. Boynton, the moderator of the National Council and Dr. Woodrow, the president of the Home Missionary Society will speak.

Lunch will be had together at the Union Square hotel on the corner of Post and Powell streets, for which the charge will be fifty cents each. It is desired that all who plan to be at the lunch will notify the Rev. A. W. Palmer of Oakland by telephone or card, if possible. But do not remain away because of inability to give notification.

At the meeting next Monday the question of the permanent place in which to hold the Monday meetings will come up again for consideration.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

The June Meeting in San Francisco.

The program of the annual meeting of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, to be held at the First Church, San Francisco, June 7-9, includes a session conducted by the Woman's Home Missionary Federation. This will be at 4:10 p. m., Thursday, June 8.

That the delegates from our auxiliaries and other Unions may have further opportunity for hearing and consulting with Miss Woodberry, National Secretary of Woman's Work, Miss McFarland, Secretary of the Federation, Mrs. J. H. Heald, of New Mexico, and others, a Woman's Home Missionary rally will be held in one of the rooms of the same church, Friday, at 10 a. m. Come and bring your problems for solution to experts in missionary work.

Owing to these meetings the annual June quarterly meeting will be omitted.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

By Iorwerth.

The Rev. D. H. Reid, who has been doing the work of an Evangelist on the Pacific Coast for a score of years with signal success, has been doing effective work during recent months, mostly in Eastern Washington. He is indefatigable in his labors, and his efforts are owned of God in the edification and quickening of Christians and conversion of sinners. His preaching is always strong, Biblical, evangelical and convincing, and his methods sane and practical, leading to permanent results. He has recently returned to Spokane after an extended trip to the Okanogan country, which is rapidly filling with settlers. He preached in the new towns of Synaref, Mountain View, Chewiliken, and Anglin. The Rev. John Geddes, M. D., D. D., is to take charge of these churches. He is a man of large experience, having spent many years in Labrador and in Nova Scotia. Mr. Reid preached in the open air at the "Dewey camp," Tonasket, where an irrigation project is in operation. A congregation of men listened attentively to the message from God's word. Though it was a case of the preacher doing the whole thing he enjoyed it. He was inspired, by the beautiful mountain scenery, the sun shining in his strength, and the birds warbling their sweet notes of praise. Mr. Reid conducted a mission in the church at Loomis, resulting in four additions and eight baptisms. This church was pastorless for eight months, but a young lady by the name of Jennie L. Meanor, superintendent of the Sunday-school, conducted the services every Lord's day and thus kept up the interest in the work. This church is hoping to secure a pastor in the near future, the lady-pastor having changed her name and gone to another town to make her home.

A Ladies' Guild was organized with twenty-five members, and they have already raised money to beautify the church building,. Mr. Reid is now conducting a mission at Clayton, Wash.

The church at Cheney has recently laid the cornerstone of a $15,000 building. The new church is urgently needed in this growing normal school town. The pastor, Rev. F. O. Wyatt, is doing splendid work.

James M. Pendleton, missionary of the C. S. S. & P.

Society has been ordained to the work of the ministry.

Rev. D. E. Wilson of Spokane, has been made chaplain of the new Cour de Alene Hotel, and is to conduct services on the roof garden every Sunday.

There are to be a series of councils of recognition next week at Benge and Lamont, Wash., and Peck, Idaho, when Superintendents Scudder and Matthews are to be present.

Rev. G. H. Rice has begun work at Colville.

Rev. P. H. Shrock, of Deer Park, and wife are visiting relatives and friends at Ashtabula, Ohio, and other Eastern cities.

The Home.

THE FATHER.

How many beautiful and tender things are spoken and written about the mother—the ideal mother! She is exalted to the skies. He duties, her obligations, her precious privileges are set forth touchingly. She is spoken of with deep reverence, with religious respect. Napoleons reference to the mothers of France, and the words of other great men are quoted for her exaltation. Her office is felt by the idealizers and worshipers to be so glorious, it is deemed wrong that she should have any burden or responsibility outside the home thrust upon her shoulders.

These sentiments do credit to human nature. But the fact is that the average mother is only a woman, with the same capacity, the same besetments, the same puzzles and problems as other women, plus the child. She is either wise or foolish, or something of both; but on the whole she brings up her children without plans or system or theory, in spite of the endless amount of instruction and advice lavished upon her. In spite of the popular opinion that she should live secluded in her home attending solely to her offspring and her domestic duties, thousands, nay millions of mothers are obliged to go abroad and labor for the support of their families. The mother ideal is very beautiful, very exalted and inspiring. We might be led, without the aid of observation and a little common sense, to believe that the mother's part in life is wholly regulated by lofty sentiments and poetical tributes, while in fact her path is often rough and stony, and marked by angry words, blows and bleeding feet, while the children are left to bring themselves up as best they can.

But surely the average mother, with all her faults and disabilities, is a noble creature when compared with the drunken, brutal, shiftless, and lazy husbands and fathers that do abound in certain grades of society. We are right to reverence her, not on sentimental and unreal grounds, but on the basis of fact and reality. For of all of God's creatures she is often the most harassed, perplexed and tormented to know how to nourish the bodies and souls of her brood.

But why is the mother, interesting and wonderful as she is, selected for so much praise or blame, so much admonition and warning, while the father is so often neglected and left out of the picture? Isn't fatherhood quite as important as motherhood in the family group where the child appears in the center, holding a hand of each? Is not the fact that fathers so often shirk their duties and misuse their privileges the very reason why they should be admonished, lectured, reminded of what they owe to the race, to society, to the church, and the world in general in the fulfilment of their duties to the child? Who has ever seen a father's magazine or paper devoted especially to their instruction as to how to bring up their children? When have long courses of lectures been given to enlighten and exhort fathers as to what they should do and be? When have fathers' prayer-meetings been called to implore the aid of the divine spirit in the rescue work of sons and daughters from temptation and evil influences?

There are phases of child training that cannot be safely left entirely to the mother. At a certain age the instrument of correction breaks in her hand. A stronger will, a more authoritative voice is demanded. Paternal authority, wisely administered, must supplement the gentler influence of the mother. If the father is undisciplined, selfish, violent, and unjust, the children will soon scorn his discipline. The office of father is the greatest and most important bestowed on any man, and to fail in it is criminal.

It is curious that the onus of both instruction and prevention, discipline and exhortation is supposed to fall upon the mother. But is not the man, the head of the house, supposed to be the strong partner in the firm? and are his responsibilities and duties less sacred than hers? It is the general opinion that a good mother makes a good child; that the child derives most of its moral and spiritual qualities, the highest parts of its nature from her. This seems to excuse the father in regard to child training and up-bringing. He is often more than willing that his boys and girls should receive any form of home education the mother may devise for them, while he simply pets and spoils his offspring, or exercises severity and leniency at wrong times and with injurious effects.

During the first seven years of his life the boy is more under the influence of the mother than of the father. It is at that age that the Oriental removes the boy from the harem and gives him over to the care of men. But we are told before the age of seven the boy receives more vivid impressions, learns more than during any other period of his life. The foundation has been laid for good or evil. If the child can be spoiled, as we say—though spoiled is a foolish word—the ground of spoiling will have been implanted.

"You are ruining your boy by indulgence," the father may taunt the mother. How many times she might retort with bitterness, "You have ruined him by neglect." The business office, the stock exchange, the eternal plotting and planning to amass money, the club, amusements, sports, jovial companions, are all enemies of the child which keep him from the knowledge of his parent and are absorbers of the precious time that should be given to him. As a youth, the father is often ignorant of the associations he has formed, the habits he has acquired, the pernicious life principles he may have adopted. "Who is that pretty girl?" the careless father, in the comic newspaper, asks his wife. "Why, don't you know her? That is Mildred, our eldest," she replies. "How those children do grow! They get away from me," is the puzzled retort. It is a true word. The children do get away from the thoughtless, worldly, heedless father, who openly or secretly blames the mother for all their faults and failings, and perhaps for their ultimate ruin. The boy who speaks of his father as the "old man," or the "governor," who

has no deep respect for him, who knows his defects, and perhaps suspects what he does not know, may, however, unconsciously model himself on a bad example.

No less delinquent are the fathers who neglect the true interests of their children to slave and toil at piling up great fortunes for them, which in the end may lead to unhappy marriages for the girls and useless, if not vicious lives for the boys. The popular belief that rich men's sons seldom amount to much has an element of injustice in it, but the golden mine for children, as well as parents, is the adequate competence that lies midway between poverty and riches. It is along this path that the blue flower of happiness springs.

Mother love is lauded to the skies, but father love is no less indispensable. The father's defects and vices, it is true, sometimes have the effect of turning the child toward better things through the disgust and loathing such courses produce in fine natures. But the shame and misery are burned deep into the soul, and the scars are never eradicated. The honor, dignity, respect, and honest pride of the young life lie mainly in the father's hands, and terrible it is when he is criminally delinquent. The best school for the child is the school of two teachers, who complement each other, and together make the perfect home within the circle of love that protects, instructs and blesses the child.—Christian Register.

PLEASURE-SPOILERS.

A shabby little woman with worn cotton gloves was fingering the gingham remnants on a bargain table of the large department store. The prices were alluringly low, and the serviceable qualities commended themselves to her anxious eyes. Some of them were very pretty, too. There was the little pink and white plaid that would make a lovely dress for her three-year-old at home—and there was just enough in the remnant if she cut the pattern with care. Such a flat, shabby little purse it was that she was holding! Customers on the way to other tables jostled her as she deliberated.

Two girls stopped for a moment at the table.

"Three and a half cents a yard, Madge! Let's buy up a stock of this!" exclaimed one.

The shabby little woman looked up with quick interest. Here was someone else evidently appreciating the unusual opportunity. But a glance at the handsome gown and hat of the girlish speaker choked the half smile on her lips. This was no prospective purchaser. An amused smile was on the girl's lips—derision in her eyes.

A flush mounted to the shabby woman's pale cheeks. She still grasped the pink and white remnant and made careful calculations as to the possibilities of another piece in the way of blouses for a certain small boy at home, but a bit of the pleasure in her face had unmistakably faded.

The other girl, Madge, lingered a moment at the counter. She had taken in in one swift sweet look the shabby little woman, the flat pocketbook, the flush.

"They are pretty and a surprisingly good quality for the price," Madge said, and her friend turned back a moment in quick surprise; but perhaps a look in the other girl's eyes stopped her from further comment.

Several of the remnants passed through Madge's daintily gloved hands, and though she passed on with her impatient friend in a few moments, and without making a purchase, the shabby little woman counted out the nickels and pennies from her flat purse with a return of the warm satisfaction in her bargain.

"Why on earth were you so interested in those ridiculous ginghams, Madge?" asked her girl friend.

"They weren't ridiculous," Madge said; "they were good quality, and worth three times the price."

"Of course; but nevertheless, I don't see what that was to you."

"I'll tell you, Lou." Madge flushed a little. "You spoke rather slightingly of them, and that poor, shabby little woman overheard, and I knew by the way her face fell some of her pleasure was gone, and——"

"Oh, I never dreamed of such a thing." Lou's girlish voice was regretful.

"Don't I know that? Anyway, it's all right now."

"Yes, thanks to you Madge." Lou's face was quite thoughtful for a moment.

An hour later and the girls were going home in the trolley car. A tired-looking woman loaded with bundles occupied the seat in front of them.

"Don't you get tired of seeing those rows of cheap little houses?" Lou asked her friend carelessly. "All just alike, and such absurd little balconies!"

"I imagine they are quite comfortable houses," said Madge, seriously, "and all their lawns seem so well kept."

The woman in front had risen to leave the car, and Lou's eyes met her friend's with almost comic distress.

"Don't tell me I've done it again!" she said.

There was a minute's delay at the crossing, and Lou's eyes followed the woman.

"Yes, I have! She's making straight for one of those little houses! Oh, dear! I say so many things without stopping to think!" she remarked. "Do you suppose I hurt people's feelings every day without knowing it?"—Bertha Gerneaux Woods in New York Observer.

MOTHER'S SUNDAY.

In one city home a very charming institution prevails. The whole household speaks of it as mother's Sunday. On that day the busy housekeeper in this particular home does no work of any kind.

The family consists of father, mother, four half-grown boys and girls and a little fellow of three sunny summers. The boys rise betimes on Sunday, make the fire, and in summer see that the porch is in perfect order. A dainty breakfast is prepared and served by the young daughters. Father dresses little brother, and at the meal waits upon him entirely.

One thing only is required of mother, that she dress in her prettiest, laciest, morning frock, and devote herself to looking her sweetest.

With the aid of the boys the table is soon cleared, the house put in perfect order, the dinner prepared as far as possible before the young people are off to Sabbath-school, and one of them always returns in time to care for the small boy, that both parents may enjoy their church service undisturbed. Dinner is served, and the dishes are washed by the sons and daughters.

The busy, unselfish housemother is thus refreshed mentally and physically to cope with the many labors and cares of the week, when little help can be rendered by her student family. And who can gauge the amount of good done the young people by passing their Sunday in such an unselfish, beautiful way?—The Housekeeper.

Our Young People

A LITTLE SECRET.

Here's a little secret,
Worth its weight in gold,
Easy to remember,
Easy to be told,
Changing into blessing
Every curse we meet,
Changing hell to heaven:
Only this—Keep Sweet!

How to Keep Sweet!

Don't worry, ut work;
Don't trouble, but trust;
Don t fear, but follow;
Dont pine, but pray.

TINY HOUSE-BUILDERS AND MECHANICS.

Will it surprise you to learn that there are tiny people called insects, that have their governments, their wars, their homes and their children to look after; that keep servants and household pets, and have police; that raise cattle and grain; that hunt and fish and do a great many other things that we do? Do you know that among these tiny people are carpenters, paper and cardboard makers, varnishers, upholsterers, miners and grave-diggers and such like? It is very interesting to find out how some of these little carpenters and builders do their building, and something about the wonderful houses and bridges that they build.

The log-cabin spider is quite an architect as well as carpenter. It first digs a cellar and then builds its house about it on the ground, much as we do our homes. This cellar is usually made circular in form and about ten inches deep. When it has the cellar about half dug it begins on the house. First it places a stick on the edge of the cellar, and lashes it down with a strong silk thread; another stick is placed in a similar position on the other side; then two other sticks are crossed over the ends of those on the two sides, just as we do in making a log cabin. After several sticks are put on all around the walls, the little householder goes down into the cellar and brings up some earth, which it places on top and on the sides of the sticks, using its body to press it down with.. Other sticks are added to the house, also more earth from the cellar, until the house is at the proper height.

When this tiny house-holder has his house built and the cellar dug, it lines it nicely with beautiful silk, which it spins itself with its spinnerets. Instead of the door being on the side of the house, as ours, it is on the roof, where the spider usually stays during the summer months; but it lives way down in the cellar in winter.

Another kind of spider, called the builder-spider, builds its house underground. There it hollows out rooms, cuts out hallways, and carves out doorways. When it has got it all nicely dug out and just the right size, it lines this underground house with a silk of dazzling whiteness that it spins itself; this silk shines just like satin. No matter in what kind of soil the houses are built, or how wet it is, no water ever enters it, and it is always nice and dry inside. It prides itself on keeping the house neat and clean, and will let no dirt get into it if possible.

It makes an outside door to this house which actually works on a hinge, just like our doors; it opens both ways by pushing upon it, and shuts of its own accord, and is nicely fitted to a frame. This door is made of silk web and earth, sometimes containing as many as thirty layers of web and earth; the outside is coated with soil like the earth around it, so that one can scarcely tell that there is a door there at all.

The wonderful little carpenter-bee usually chooses a stump, post or such like for its home, and is generally wise enough to choose one that is soft and somewhat decayed, so that its work need not be so hard. When it has carefully chosen its location, then it starts and bores and cuts out a ten or twelve-storied house with much greater ease than our carpenters can build a house with all their many tools, although its only tools are chisels, but these are hard and keen edged.

This little carpenter starts into the post or stump horizontally, and cuts out a passage to the center, then it extends the passage downward at right angles. It usually cuts out this tunnel twelve times its own length. This tiny carpenter is very careful to save all the chips—no sawdust or shavings litter up his work. It gathers these up in a nice little heap for future use; it does up everything as perfectly as possible, and never slights any part of the work, as we are apt to do. Now let us find out how she makes the floors.

First a cement is made with the sawdust which has been so carefully saved; then it begins to lay the floors by cementing around the walls a ring of wood chips, and within this ring forms another, until there is formed a circular floor about the thickness of a dime. This process is repeated until eight or ten floors are built, making ten or twelve rooms, one above the other. The floors are then nicely finished with a paste made of the pollen of flowers and honey. These houses usually have three doors; the front door is at the top, the back door at the bottom; then there is a middle door, although sometimes this is omitted.

The little ant people also build wonderful houses. There are a great many different kinds of ants, and they build different kinds of homes. Let us note how the hill-ants construct their dwellings. They first dig a hole in the ground, and as soon as this is done one troop of the ants starts right away to collect material which they work into a roof over the entrance; another troop mixes up the earth with pieces of leaves and grasses, which makes a sort of plaster.

Here and there open spaces are left, which, after the frame of the building is complete, are made into hallways which lead to different rooms, all of which meet in a large room in the center of the house; this middle room is the favorite living room of the ants. The roof is made in a conical shape, and is neatly thatched with straw, so as to shed all rain.

There are no idlers, but all do their parts in building their home. They usually have several entrances to their homes, but no doors; so every evening they roll what must seem to them huge logs, up to the doorways before they retire for the night; they also have three or four policemen or sentinels on duty to warn them of approaching enemies or danger.

Some spiders can build bridges as well as houses.

The bridge-spider is one of these. It waits until the wind is blowing favorably; then it climbs up on a branch or on some tall grass on the windward side of the brook, and spins out a cord of silk, which the breeze carries across the water till it catches on some twig or stem on the apposite side of the stream. The spider then pulls this cord with her feet, to see whether it is tight and will be safe enough for her to venture upon. If she thinks it is safe and strong enough, she walks across it, as a rope-walker, dragging another silk cord with her, which she unites with the first. Then she goes back and forth, adding a strand each time, until she is sure the cable is strong enough for the bridge. Then she puts another similar cable across the stream, and between these two cables she makes her suspension bridge of net. When the insects come down to get a drink at the brook they get caught upon this bridge, and then the spider has a good meal, and is repaid for all her work.

While the little carpenter-bees work with chisels, there are many insects that use saws, and these are more wonderful and more effective than those used by man. In the case of the saw-fly, the saw is in the head, and is a very fine saw, indeed; as someone has said, it is a rasp and saw combined. With this saw the fly not only cuts a groove, but it smoothes the surface of the wood as well, and makes a nice clean cut.

Then we hear of the wonderful sawyer-beetle, which actually answers the purpose of circular saws. Seizing a branch with its deeply-toothed jaws, it flies around and around until the branch is sawed in two. Often these branches are at least a half inch through, in some cases an inch.—Mary Mason Wright, in "The Journal and Messenger."

BRAVERY.

"Elton Tilton is just the bravest boy you ever saw, mother. When we were playing this morning we saw a big snake, most as large as my arm, coming toward us; and we all ran as fast as we could—all but Elton. He threw a stone at it. Wasn't that brave?"

"There are different kinds of bravery," the little boy's mother answered.

"Yes," said Winfred, "and one day a big dog came along with his tongue hanging out, and we thought it was mad, and scrambled over the fence; but Elton walked right along, as calm as ever. He says he isn't afraid of bears or tramps or anything. I wish I was as brave as Elton, but I'm afraid I never will be. He says he hopes there will be a war when he grows to be a man, so he can go and fight."

"I heard a story about two boys the other day," said his mother, "and I thought one of them was very brave,"

"Do tell me about it," said Winfred eagerly.

"They went to school together, and one day they thought it would be great fun to hide a frog in the teacher's desk. But it did not turn out as they expected. The frog tipped over an ink bottle and spoiled a number of examination papers and other things, and the teacher was very angry. He asked the guilty boy to own his fault like a man and take the punishment he deserved. He put him upon his honor, you see. Well, the oldest boy, who found the frog and first thought of the joke, sat still in his seat without a blush; but the little boy, though he trembled with fear, went to the desk before the whole school and owned his fault. And he sat for an hour on the dunce's stool, a target for fifty pairs of eyes."

"O mother," cried Winfred, "I was so ashamed! I'll never do anything so mean again as long as I live. How did you know?"

"I heard two boys talking about it as I rode in the car. I was proud of my boy," Winfred; and I pitied Elton Tilton's mother, for I said to myself: 'My boy was brave, but her boy was a coward.'"

"Why, I never thought that was being brave!" said Winfred.—Julia D. Peck, in "Youth's Companion."

THE JUNE CENTURY.

The June "Century" is an Anglo-American number, having four pages in color, and with several articles of most timely interest on both sides the Atlantic by prominent English and American writers.

James Davenport Whelpley, the authority who has written several "Trade of the World" papers for "The Century," presents vital facts and figures regarding "The Commercial Strength of Great Britain;" and Rear-Admiral A. T. Mahan, author of "The Influence of Sea Power Upon History," discusses important phases of "The Panama Canal and Sea Power in the Atlantic." James Cardinal Gibbons's "An Anglo-American Pact of Peace" is a wise and kindly message of good will to the English people.

THE LOGIC OF IT.

"Never," groaned the picture dealer, "never try to argue a woman into believing that she ought to pay a bill when she thinks otherwise. I tried it this morning—presented a bill for some stuff ordered two months ago. Here was the irrefutable logic:

"'I never ordered any pictures.'

"'If I did, you never delivered them.'

"'If I did, I never got them.'

"'If I did, I paid for them.'

"'And if I didn't, I must have had some good reason for it.'

"'And if I had, of course I won't pay.'"

A SUGGESTIVE EXPERIENCE.

"Oi heard you was out on a stroike, Pat."

"Oi am; Oi sthruck for shorter hours."

"An' did ye get them?"

"Oi did not. Oi'm working the whole twenty-four hours now."

"What at?"

"Lookin' for work."

An irate old lady, the wife of a prosperous farmer on the outskirts of Philadelphia, stepped off a train in Broad Street station the other day with a face like a thundercloud. "Whats all this here talk of educating young men to be civil engineers?" she screeched, indignantly. "What we need in this here country is more civil conductors and less sassy brakemen."

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A CHANGEABLE LITTLE MAID.

By Geo. L. Benedict.

I know a little bright-eyed maid,
Whose moods now grave, now gay,
Change like a shifting weather vane,
In quite a puzzling way.

While those who hear her laughing voice,
Her roguish smile remark,
Are wont with pleased accord to say
"She's happy as a—**lark.**"

Yet, oftentimes, I grieve to add,
If vexed or hurt by care,
Transformed at once this maid becomes
As cross as any—**bear.**"

And then our tongues in mild reproof
Of conduct bad we loose,
And with a frown address her thus:
"You silly little—**goose!**"

Throughout the day her active little form
First here, then there, we see,
And in amazement say she is
As busy as a—**bee.**

At last when evening shadows fall
And silence rules the house,
In slumber she rests at ease,
As quite as a—**mouse.**

How she can be at once a **goose,**
And on the self same day
A **mouse,** a **lark,** a **bee,** and **bear,**
Is more than I can say.

Yet none the less will I maintain,
Nor contradiction fear,
That in addition to all else
She's just a little—**dear.**

—In an Exchange.

It was stated that Mr. Taft visited and inspected a fine old Southern mansion on one of his trips, and that the cook merely glanced at him as he smilingly passed through the domain.

"What did you think of the President, Amanda," asked her mistress afterward.

"Huh, was that the President? Well, he sho' do look laik he'd be reg'lar to his meals."—Baltimore Methodist.

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